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THE
VICISSITUDES
OF
GLORY.

ALPHABET

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THE
VICISSITUDES
OF
GLORY,
AND
OTHER POEMS,

BY
JOHN GALE.

WOOLWICH:

Printed for the Author,
BY W. SCROGGIE, CALEDONIAN PRESS, HARE STREET,

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To the Right Honorable GEORGE CANNING,
one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c.

The following Poems,

Are Humbly Inscribed,

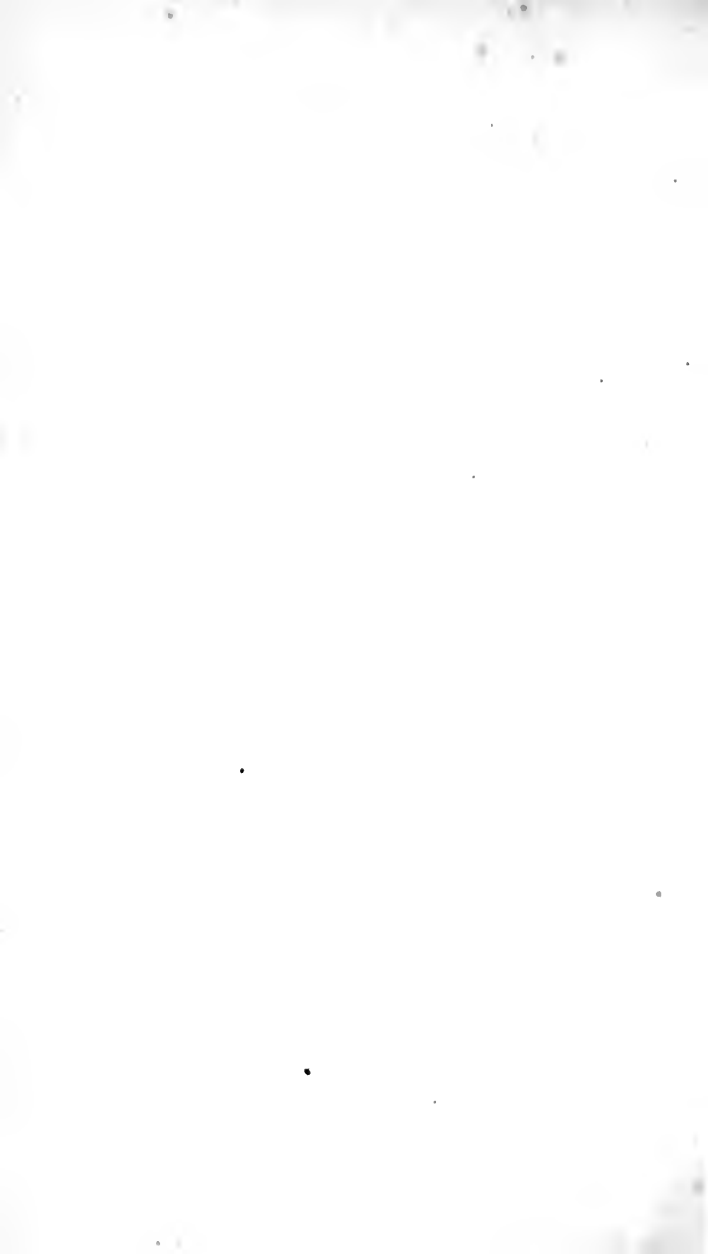
With Respect,

By

THE AUTHOR.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK I.



ANALYSIS ON THE FIRST BOOK.



THE first Book of this Poem opens with a view from the early dawn of Eden to the fall of our first Parents, contrasting with the smiles of Morn, and the Glory of the Sun, to the beauteous theme of virtue.—Comparison to the once splendid, but the now unopulence of remote Empires, so renowned in Sacred History, with a brief contrast of their coming grandeur and dignity. —An emblem of Piety, Truth, and Love, by the assurance of Faith. —Surmounting the walls of oblivion. —Crossing the streams of Death.—Meeting the Messiah in the clouds of glory.—His condescendency.---His invitation.---Ending their career in the sphere of happiness and immortality.



THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK I.

COME, heavenly fair, thy loveliest charms excite,
Come, circle in the fetters of delight ;
The purer sky in azure strews the day,
Morn waves to glory through a purple ray.
'Twas glory rang'd the paths of golden time,
In smiling days, when love attain'd her prime,
Where Eve in all her blooming charms embrace,
'Midst the sweet roses, Eden's garden grace ;

Smote with delight, her lover stood serene,
Embrac'd her smiling, yet a lowly mien ;
Here pleasure flings her carols through the sky,
Floats on the breeze the sweets of harmony.
But ah ! the cusp of pleasure surely falls,
When sin came fluttering over Eden's walls ;
The melting vision of a tear assail,
Their sweetest slumbers dies along the vale,
The frightened soul 'midst hovering clouds arise,
And frowns on sin, a blight to early joys.

Skips from the Orient site, a lowly bride,
Aurora flights on half the world beside ;
How cheerful then we gaze, we just admire
The sprightly emblems of thy youthful ire,

Flush'd by the roses from the morning seen,
When pearly drops adorn thy flaxen sheen,
And, dancing, sweeps the fields of radiance fair,
Thy circling ringlets waves in golden air ;
Come, breathe, soft zephyrs, breathe thy calm desire,
Before the dawning vision do retire.

In splendour bright the beauteous sun repair,
Where beams of glory gems the orient fair,
O'er mountains rose, flush'd on the vivid plains,
Throned in delight to worlds sublimely reigns ;
Flew from the East, transcends a comely flight,
Wrapt in the azure veil of spangled light,
Plumes of the fairest purple in the shade,
Where scatt'ring violets blooms along the glade.

His pow'r, how oft resum'd in splendid hue,
Inspir'd the day, and with the circle flew ;
But unsequestered from the evening burn,
Espous'd the morning and again return.
What flow serenely purples o'er the sky,
When charming summer smiles in gaiety.
What cheerful breezes clap their wings in air,
Salutes the verging of the plummy fair ;
And from the clouds that walks in shades between,
Unfurls a banquet to the matchless scene.

Virtue, fair offspring of delight transcend,
Expand thy wings, and far thy gifts befriend,
Come in, ethereal joy, your flights combine,
But in the sweet sublimes of glory join.

Is not the vivid path that virtue trace,
Held blithsome in the charms of thine embrace,
Or is the sound of joy in high esteem,
The placid gift imperial virtue deem?
Blest be the gifts from heaven's eternal son,
How vast, how great, in full dominion run,
But flight the golden stars, and heaven displays,
Where reigns eternal love for happy days.

Then lift my thoughts to Egypt's torrid clime,
And call the siege to grandeur and sublime;
Thence waste my bleeding heart in tears of woe,
And bid fresh sorrows weigh my eyelids low;
Art thou forgot, O Egypt, and obscure?
And the long absence of thy praise demure.

Art thou no more, to raise thy languid head,
Nor once attain what princely wisdom led?
Yes, glory soon shall, with sweet converse, sing,
Shall have communion in the princely ring,
Delight and liberty embrace their reign,
And bless the remnant of thy latter train.
Haste, happy day, in sweet diversion, hail
Respective launch, row'd in the friendly gale;
When Egypt with Assyria shall compose
The nuptial wreath, in friendship, love disclose;
To love celestial consecrate new joy,
Affection sweet that carols amity;
Ineffable the chosen sons shall meet,
From Canaan's land to Ninevah's retreat.

Diffluent sounds to Heaven's high dooms revere,
Like thunder roll they burst upon the air ;
With eager steps each passive realm compest,
And breathe new joy aspiring in their breast.

Past to the weary path in Zara veer,
To weep with danger, and outbrave career,
The curling sands and burning wilds explore,
Which strangely feed Zanhaga's thirsty shore ;
Convening prudence wait, when trav'lers meet,
The wildering desert of this wan retreat ;
Scarce to be found, nor chrystal streams revere,
And dews inhaled, but slumber in the air ;
For they who liv'd, 'tis here delight transpheres,
For they who liv'd, and drank their vesper tear

When spirits droop, and life, consuming strove,
And hail the last adieu to them they love,
Life sweetens all in wealth, nor aught could
chase

The mystic stars of death, their dirging race ;
Nor kindly rescued hope, nor aught but strife,
Nor gold could purchase dearly for a life.
Sweet cruize, indeed, in vain asserts to one,
Was mercy there to meet his friend undone ;
'Twas hard redress, their swelling veins impart,
Pierced through the vitals to the parching heart ;
Their lives resign'd the mystic chace pursue,
Recedes unseen, and o'er the desert flew,
But left behind a remnant of disguise,
That fed with tremor each beholder's eyes.

The letter'd sign wide in the desert blooms,
A dirge to spleen their last, their mourning tombs,
Sad retrospect when travellers here descry,
Nor pass, but greet the omens of a sigh.

Once eminence, fair emblem of desire,
Great Babylon her seats in glory fire ;
Where beauty reigns, she kiss'd the golden show'rs,
And sung with glory in triumphant hours ;
High terass'd by huge tow'rs imperial rise,
Enamel'd wealth, contracting for the skies ;
Could splendour flame, remotely trace Japan,
Could glory chace when costly grandeur ran,
But ah, the eyes of heaven, in tears unfurl'd,
Expos'd her crimes that fed the mingled world.

Say Babylon, destruction is thy rod

Have forc'd the vengeance from a smiling god ;

Deserted, Oh ! a wilderness arraign,

Sure pity weeps, who could a tear refrain,

Denounced by heaven thy last, thy dreadful lot,

Art now become a desert, and forgot,

Oh ! what a change, what fades thy blooming flow'r,

Shall Satyrs dance and single out thy pow'r ;

No shepherd there, for they resign'd their reins,

Forsook their folds and curs'd their native plains ;

No harvest more, nor showers the wastes recoil,

Nor heaven again reflect a sacred smile,

Impeals in midnight thunder hov'ring high,

Thou sunless world approach the nether sky.

And shall the moon, by twilight, linger through,
Or night's black curtains brighten to the view,
Shrieks, and aghast, the owls, embitter'd, sigh,
Nor rouse the stars, they slumber at the cry,
'Twas hoary guilt that stain'd their parting tomb,
When heaven determin'd their last, their final doom,
From the fair stripling's tender years delay,
And every prattling murmur dies away.

But glory calls in view sublimer realms,
And wind'ring round a brighter cloud oerwhelms ;
Let splendour guise and tranquil hopes descry,
But Elam wanders in simplicity,
Their murmurs chase the tigress uncontroll,
Her heaving flood wash'd Ashur's fervid soul.

Again the streams of joy their flow rebound,
And flirts afresh the gentle seasons round ;
In meekness fan each beauteous feature place,
In radiance blow of unexampled grace.

Gems in the blaze, that Zidon's margin bound,
From Tyre's rich lap, diffusing gold around ;
Reserv'd their wealth in burnish'd time serene,
Of golden years, and purple days between ;
But waft my soul where charms celestial be,
And range the borders of eternity.

Arabia nurst her sons in light profuse,
But hoary blight has seized her former views ;

When shall the sacred stream of grace expand,
The gospel reach, and cheer the drooping land.
Across the rolling sands wan sorrow flew,
And charg'd the cup with tears infus'd in rue,
Excursive range through Edom's orient plains,
Where Job, in anguish, wash'd his bleeding veins.

Descends a hov'ring cloud of sable light,
What awful grandeur trembling views excite;
Furling the air in thunderbolts expire,
Midst Sinia flamed dash'd unexampled fire,
The mountain bids his fluttering sides rebound
The trumpet shook ! how awful, how profound,
Israel resume, draw your assemblage nigh,
And grace your fairest hopes on liberty ;

Hark! sounds the voice of God, in thunder bears

But Moscs braves the summit and revers

In solemn awe, and grace, by meekness learns,

Obtain the glorious message and returns.

Enchas'd by worth, Palmira's costly dress

Full grandeur center'd in the wilderness;

But age wore tresses of the rustic flow,

When years hung simply, her distinguish'd brow;

Resign'd the perquisites of martial reign,

And travel'd to her native realm again.

O blessed land, O skies serenely blue,

Its lofty flight the stately cedar grew;

What charms, embrace fair Edens lovely bow'rs
Where love first wedded, in harmonial hours,
On the fresh breeze, and trace the winding rills
Inhales a fragrance from the flow'ry hills.
Imperial splendour, stamp the vesper ground
But admiration paints the landscape round.
High skirting where romantic views incrust
Delightful arks dwindle to the dust;
Exulting Tirza, graced in beauty's arms,
The comely mien of Zion's fairer charms,
Flush'd from the brow, imperial zephyrs fan'd
Waves aye the circuit of fair Canaans land;
Unfurls the flowers of love, that virtue grac'd -
And blew promiscuous o'er the drooping waste.

Oh rural seat, imparadis'd between

The smiling hills, Jerusalem I ween :

O let me range thy lovely vales and sing,

And glory waft me with His golden wing.

O waft me where the lily, white array

The lowly virgin wept her sighs away,

And where sweet odours flush'd in verm'il air

The lovely rose of Sharon bloom'd so fair,

There drink the inspiring sweets exulting round

Delights that breath'd amidst etherial ground,

Them would I choose, their tranquil signs declare

That in description charm the glorious fair ;

The pastime of their brief desires fulfill

A few lost friends to meet on Zion's hill,

They grace the happy circle and do more
Subjoin their interest to the heavenly shore,
But shortly, with the bless'd, becomes allied,
Conducted hither by a heavenly guide.
Oh come sweet spirit, now to glory haste
Them wrapt in visions shun'd this gloomy waste,
Oft have they flew and skim'd the rosied air
To grace and to partake their heavenly share ;
And bands of Angels circling at the gate
While on the verge, etherial emulate,
And leave to all this little world arrange
To go and be transpher'd, in heaven exchange,
Full glories wreath inwca'd with golden flow'rs
Shall crown their heads, and love their sweetest hours

Wed to the dust the sparks of life combin'd
Fulfills their sphere in every social mind
They lovely grac'd, who weds to truth and love
And triumphs in ethereal realms above.

Strike, strike the lyre, attune the nuptial lay,
Prepare the banquet for eternal day ;
Aspire to sounds while over Jordan veer ;
And stamp their glory on the distant sphere ;
Beyond the spiring hills, we have in view,
Sweet fields, enamel'd in with azure blue,
Diversely shun them, yonder clouds afar,
Disperse the halo of that sickly star ;
Methinks I hear the voice of Angels say
To heaven aspire, your long desires repay ;

Pursue your favorite, march, Ah! thither range,
Where saints abide, obtain the glorious change;
Who can presume the fair, the matchless show,
What strains sublime pre-eminently flow.
Conduct thee where ethereal visions fly,
Aspire their course, and vanish in the sky.
Haste then, O haste, the glorious prize pursue,
We'll meet where glory never bids adieu;
I yonder see the vista's opening ray,
Haste then, my love, and come, O come away.

Why should my weak, my weak desires control
To realms secure, O truth, conduct my soul,
Come glory, come, inbraid the gay festoon,
Shall lightly traverse aye the golden noon.

But far beyond where blooming Eden stood
And skim the surge where Jordan wheel'd his flood;
Outspiring where terestial Canaan lay,
But far transhend the umbrage of a day.
Like hovering spheres of sable disk pursue,
Those towering hills obstructs this charming view.
In light the cooling zephyrs cheerful rose
Nor worry in the slumbers of repose,
Cleave to my soul, O emulate delight,
Faith lends a smile and distance hails a flight,
But guilt in arms whose banners waves impure
If aught could screen the bounds of heaven secure.
Should dangers leap those rugged steps divide,
Denounce destruction, Oh on every side.

Fatigue might wave her banners from the spire,
And raise the summit of our calm desire,
Strangely, nor viewless from the tow'ring plight,
The wand'ring prospect swoons before my sight ;
Sure signs like these contends a diff'rent world,
Where all the hidden schemes of life unfurl'd ;
Faintly I see outshoots aspiring gleam,
Heed near allied to some sequester'd stream ;
And steps upon the rivage of a sigh,
To mingle tears in gladness and in joy ;
But see that nodding cliff before us rise,
And that dull stream beside the desert plyes.

Compose thy sweetest hopes, O love, compose,
Sweep off thy fears, nor languish into woes,

But let ethereal life be your's and mine,
Impure delights are menac'd by design,
'Tis terror rides his vast tremendous car,
Whirling his fetters round each bright'ning star,
To speak sincere, what aids impartial truth,
Expose the fiend of each bewilder'd youth.
Fear not, my love, the doubts that fires around
Will be dismiss'd beyond the sphere of bound;
The varied change of life's consuming flow'r
Transpos'd its beauties on the fading hour.
But through this desert maze, with joy career,
Though hidden danger wheels behind despair;
Dispense your fear! why terrors thee affright?
When arm'd with love, the banner of delight;

Ascends in ærial spires, a light, though pale,
Perceive full glory at a distance hail ;
But hark ! the sound, the sound of waters ply,
Chacing their rapid's from eternity.
Faith's vista open future scenes transpire,
That's near the verge, exhilarates desire ;
Then draw the veil, the joyful realm pursue,
And tell me what the changeless land construe.

Invading charms to my admiring eyes,
To such delights, O, tell me, sweet surprise ;
Transporting scenes, etherial my view,
In heaven present, that every charm pursue,
Bloom'd like a bride in comely vesture ray'd,
Serene, belov'd, celestial, unallay'd,

Where do the fair imperial graces gem,
The beautiful, the new Jerusalem ;
Light shone serene, illumed each beauteous face,
And 'twas the glory of impartial grace,
Heeds not the light of distant orbs foreborn,
Nor single roses from the twilight dawn ;
Her canopy espous'd the lucid blue,
Her walls compress'd a light, and glorious too,
Of angels guise, O come, fair truth, behold
Them braid their crowns of new distinguish'd gold,
Who's this from holy Zion's turrets rise,
From that bright cloud, effulgent of the skies ;
Behold him move his crown resplendant shine-
In waves of gold, transcendant and divine,

Exulting round gives tribute to their lays,
 The cherubs lift their sweetest notes to praise,
 Hark! bursting forth, alternate carols roll,
 Here rapture wafts delight beyond control,
 Sweet is the breeze that lifts the cheerful sound,
 Diffusing joy, while glory mus'd around;
 But sweeter still should influential prove,
 Wrapt in delight, the near ally to love;
 Express thy heart's desire, and tell me why
 His matchless air espous'd serenity;
 Ere cross the circle of the passing land,
 But drops a tear on Salem's desert strand.
 Rest thee awhile, before sweet converse greet,
 To cross those waves, we then shall glory meet

I still behold the billows verging near,
Their verging murmurs flutt'ring on my ear.

Why doubts prevail ? let courage bear thy part,
Why fears caress ? let faith divert thy heart ;
Why that cold stream beside the desert glide,
Alarm my fair one, why my lovely bride ?
'Tis courage, hush the storms of battle by,
'Tis faith can lash the ocean to the sky,
Bear up, my love, we'll shortly land supreme;
Nor heed the passing shadows of a dream ;
Who's this so glorious, see ray'd in the sun,
Who swung the golden morn 'tis heaven begun ;
Beaming supreme, beside the beaten strand,
Hails travellers home, and kindly stretch'd his hand.

See glory, where the heavenly rays invest,
Him from the purest realms of love express'd.

Celestial born to heaven's high portals fly,
Go, freely kindle sweet felicity,
Rest your desires, your joys, and happy know,
Nor is the tears of anguish seen to flow,
Go, gently go, the paths of welcome tread,
Presume the way your bleeding hours are fled ;
Then draw the veil and heaven presents your view
Where earth's fair sons, of princely vesture flew,
Where joys imperial flame, where bliss recoils,
Where sighs, where tears, they dwindle into smiles,
Wade through the dripping waste, and glory trod,
Assume the glorious kingdom of your God.

Here bliss, delighted, gives the soul content,
Unmingled pleasures, pure and permanent,
Here flush the blossoms their unfading plight,
Here blooms reflection to sublimer light,
Aspire in starry clouds with angels gay,
Hush'd in the sweet sublime of heavenly day ;
But grace the scene where charms of glory be,
'Tis but to reap the fruits of piety ;
No more shall pleasure ever cease to shine,
And terror cease where glory sits divine.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK II.

ANALYSIS ON THE SECOND BOOK.



THIS book configures briefly the commotions lately presiding over Europe, winding through the glorious days of Nelson, and succeeding exploits.---Napoleon's excursion to Moscow, co-operating with the disappointment and failure he there met with.---His distress. ---The shattered remains of his army.---The combination of Europe, and invincible army under the Duke of Wellington, to their famous entry into Paris.---The battle of Waterloo.---The final termination of the War. ---A description of battle, with its sad appearance, and consequences attending, to the blessing of peace.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK II.

ARMS, fiery contest ! arms, in dire affrain,
Hence mingled Europe led the martial reign,
But hov'ring 'midst where drifting storms convene,
While uncontrolling billows roll between ;
What they presume in storms of warlike dance,
Up beats the general, and to arms advance ;
But wint'ring on the waves of long delay,
Sweeps off the severing mountains and away ;

Contrasting move they, martial, for repast,
But some commerg'd in glory for the last ;
Their chief repast is glory, nor refrain,
Rift over lands, but Nelson braved the main ;
Still warm, like them, in circling bands enlist,
But few in search of glory ere dismiss,
Supplies their ranks, nor could dismissive yield,
Falls from their posts and slumber in the field ;
Love smiles on liberty, by fraught desire,
While courage guides his own imprided ire,
In conflict wander Europe's lordly sphere,
But France the subject of the long career.

While muttering on the waves in fiery breath,
Wheels through the circle of reverted death ;

Although the sparks of life might be surviv'd
Yet in the arms of sympathy disguis'd,
Fair child of sympathy, and braver he,
Who courts alliance with humanity,
His sacred blood flows where Trafalgar meet,
But drew the veil in victory complete,
Unfading name, to honour's grandeur blaze,
But Nelson blossoms in immortal days.

Ah, valiant youths, no terrors thee alarm,
But strides the furling billows to a calm;
The glaze of honour brightens in their eyes,
Nor once retir'd, unless they chained the prize,
Nor British valour ever cease to reign,
Unless their blood expires in every vein.

From morn till sunset, evening's calm repose,
And bids Aurora draw the dawning close ;
In rattling storms, contending for alarm,
And blights full glory on the noonday calm ;
Death combats life, who wrestles for the tomb,
Terestial pleasure vanish'd in the gloom,
Some in repose might dream their exit night,
And render future hopes to piety ;
For they the change of glory might condere,
And languish in the trance of life's career,
They feel the waves of death around them flow,
They feel the breeze to life's eternal blow,
What fled to glory ? where is glory sure ?
The march to glory, where they part no more.

The flights of opulence, and grandeur new,
Impel'd in fire, and from its light withdrew ;
Oerwhelm'd with power, ambition snaps the chain,
But, like the vestage, in their own remain ;
Determin'd and chac'd, excursion far away,
Career's the fiery march in hostile day ;
Presumes in Russia's far decisive strand,
But aye the conquest of a northern land,
Completes the files of long arrangements made,
Nurst for the field in armaments array'd ;
Forth to Moscow discards a wond'rous host,
And seas of blood expended in the cost.

The scourge of this defeat Napoleon claims,
And vibrates where the spiring of the flames,

But aye from hence his scatt'ring forces led,
Through piercing wilds, where nature daily fled,
In snow's eternal drift the desert moor,
Why practice worried paths unus'd before,
But wore the rugged mask of battle preen,
Where Cossacks march'd from intervals between,
Successive rallies shudders their alarms,
Death sues the victory by repeated arms,
But flings a ling'ring smile upon the grave,
To be dismiss, the only charm they crave,
Wreck'd on the winding maze in life's career,
Left to the wielding tortures of despair,
Fair nature swoons, while deadly slumbers rose,
And hug'd the snow-down pillows for repose,

Lays flutt'ring down and eager sleep perform,
But nature shortly vanish'd in the storm,
Expos'd in all the fires of tortur'd blast,
Depriv'd from cov'ring, soon the vale was cast,
Destin'd to rove and cleave untimely dooms,
'Midst bleeding snows unhallow'd for their tombs

Alike, if fraught with blood, the clouds be found,
Bleed in suffuse, and stain the landscape round ;
Surprised, alas, but what might strangely be,
In looks presume, as in reality,
Weeping upon a winter of distress,
Lost earthly joy and famish'd in excess ;
Pleas'd near the vestage, to some village rise,
Allur'd awhile, but trembled in disguise ;

Peeps in the grave, but still the vitals prone,
What drooping nature scarcely calls her own ;
To grasp the little food so long desired,
Stretch'd forth their trembling hands, and then expir'd.

Let frenzy rife, or rival, or dismay,
Napoleon visits fate's decisive day,
What frights thee to the flames where Moscow hurl'd
Forced in the traces of a strolling world,
Can glory chime the worries of defeat,
They wander for Smolensko to retreat,
Dead was the march, how desperate their fate,
Weens nothing less than terror could relate ;
Intestine rallies vibrate on the foe,
Ingrave disasterous on the crimson snow,

But strides where Beressina's water bound,
Where sighs must flutter to the purling sound ;
Can flight enchase a crown, a conqueror's fate,
If bound for glory why dissimulate,
Sledg'd closely where Smorgoni mingles light,
Surmounting Paris in the clouds of night,
Dire to his fate, deserts in crimes abject,
His few remaining forces partly wreck'd,
Dreams of despair, or languish to complain,
But scarce a vestage of the clans remain ;
The venal current of fair nature freeze,
And carries death upon the fatal breeze.

From powers injoin'd the general march began,
Combīn'd for peace with Britain weaves a wan ;

What to commend the valiant sons of pride,
Pursue the war on every martial side ;
Arm'd ! Britons arm'd ! where grandeur led the day,
In glory's little field, how gallant play,
In conflict heft, and struck the spiring vane,
Britannia echoes Europe's vast domain,
The bearing conflict bleeds on German ground,
The fields of Ludzen, and Vicinal round ;
Wind up the general and dismiss the foe,
Napoleon wanders in the films of woe.
Why frenzy widen as the gloom dispires,
And clouds while hovering over Dresden's spires ?
Why on the blast the blossoms shed dismay ?
Why shrink or dwindle through a winter's day ?

Distinguish'd peace and harmony descry,
Who sweeps the plains in quest of liberty.
Depart disunion! why should tumults harm?
In peace exchange a tempest for a calm.
Yet, hovering near the clouds of death prevail,
In bleeding showers the bick'ring storms bewail,
While Leipsic mourn, and horror spreads disguise
The crimson murmur, as Napoleon flies,
Or value dreams the visions of repose,
'Clin'd to pursue, till conquest hails a close,
In shouts of victory heft the wind'ring lance,
Impel'd the force, and pierc'd the shield of France.

What they in fortune attitudes relate,
In pomp of battle to the germs of fate,

Who claim peculiar days, by victory done,
And call the valiant home to Wellington,
In crimson tears. Why, oh, my heart, give vent,
The shuddering views that Waterloo present ;
Lost from the sight in purple streams around,
In streams that wander on foreboding ground,
The stars by nature brighten in the stain,
Would seem to give repose to every vein ;
But nearer to the glooms of bleeding light,
Oppos'd the melting features of delight ;
The scenes that war presume, there let me pause,
There let me search dissension's bleeding cause,
My weary thoughts would rove, would further trace,
Where calls Britannia out to wars' embrace,

Sure rolled from the films of light combine,
Sure Talavera and Almeida join,
Give they a flush, a grandeur, aye, the rose
Discerns a fervour in the bud disclose,
Dissending whirls the light in hostile rounds,
The blooming charms of nature rudely wounds,
The rose, the thistle, to the shamrock green,
But weaves a union to the glorious scene,
The blaze to martial pride the victor claim,
And Cuidad,* when resign'd to British fame,
Call realms aside for nearer 'ploits outreach,
And shouts amidst the wrangles of the breach ;

* Cuidad Roderigo.

When pleasing hope, in smiling views, conderè,
And wind'ring through a world of painted air,
Mercy imposed, and vengeance flash'd in ire,
Verging in smoke, and dipt their rays in fire,
Storms bickering aye, Badajoz hostile bent,
In thunder bursting from the battlement ;
Rock'd in disguise, where rattling storms rebound,
And Salamanca vibrates to the sound,
Oft midst rebounding shouts in victory shine,
Would think that strife would end, and wars decline ;
Envy again resumes the vital breeze,
Bleeds from Vittoria to the Pyrennees,
And bear through envy's long decisive frown,
Presume to chain the reins of battle down,

The conflict blaze where Orthes list for peace,
And victory smile the wars in Thoulouse cease.

Joy they pursue, exulting, from the war,
But visit Paris in the victor's car ;
Peace through the pleasing calms of glory sail,
And braided laurels strew'd along the vale,
To nourish peace and call the murmurs by,
To sheath their swords nor flash upon the sky.
Who then could term the passions mere pretence,
In truth be called the gems of eloquence ?
Ah, gallant they, in trains of victory sought
Lit by the stars in burnish'd radiance fraught
From war bequeath the trophies of renown,
And peace but covers glory on a frown,

The sparks of honour brightens to a flame,
On Britain's dearer land, endorsed eternal fame.

And to a land where glory long outshone,
Grace, in her full admiring features, blown,
For England's little strand their wish detain,
And wind the torrents of a stormy main,
Induc'd by pleasure into scenes of love,
Grac'd where the circle in full grandeur move ;
Whence blooming seasons fleet their gay profound,
And beauty gilds the skirts of nature round ;
Who then but nature gives a vernal blush,
Where roses bloom in elegance a flush,
In beauty's fairer charms that most endear,
And love that measures Britain's kingly sphere,

Why them, the waves of contrast, their's impart,
Alliance wins her glory in the heart ;
And link eternal union to the chain,
Unrival'd pleasure held the princely train,
Who then but peace the palms of grandeur fling,
And emulation circle in the ring,
To honour's call the stars of glory burn,
But grace a short lived visit to return.*

Napoleon mov'd where Elba's Isle arrange,
And there resign'd a kingdom in exchange ;
Foreboding thought, unfurl the changing scene,
Remembrance sad, but draws a gloom between,

* The Emperor of Russia, &c. their visit in England.

Nurst by the clouds and like disastrous move,
Or from the trance of grandeur seem to rove,
From Elba to St. Helena convene,
But not converg'd without a storm between,
And vanish'd by the vespers of dismay,
Save in the tomb that spurns the face of day.

When hovering memory weeps upon the sight,
When glooms by morning revel in the night,
Or when the charms of piety depart,
Or when contrition bleeds upon the heart ;
What power can draft or paint the battle just,
Could on destruction fix eternal trust ;
What pow'r can chain the hostile murmurs down,
What mortal art suppress war's bickering frown.

In wars defy the charge by threatening force,
Oft veer and traverse to a lifeless course ;
Charm'd to suppress ambition, chain their heart,
Embrace the field, but few are seen to part.
Flash'd were the serenade in lightning wield,
Here Prussia and Brittania take the field.
Round glory smiles amidst disportive arms,
Shouts at the fore repeated by alarms,
Like charg'd in storms of lightning balls unrol,
Beyond unusual sallies of controul,
Checkering alternate rounds in peals affront,
Deserted towns and trembling Hougoumont.
By their retires Perflates the landscape through,
But found their battlements in Waterloo ;

The horse, near frantic, 'midst the martial fires,

And kick'd the wounded from their sad retires.

Reclining grief bows in a weeping plight,

The union of a Brunswick still unite.

Conjoins like them in fire of glory fell,

Delancy, Gordon, and a Picton, tell.

How many reft in twain the vital tie,

How many dwindled to eternity,

How many left their friends in frantic woe,

How many left to search compassion flow,

How many offsprings left in anguish dire,

How many left to weep their parted sire,

How many rack'd by grief, in tears reply,

And swell the passions of humanity

Wars calm thy tempest, calm thy breathing strife,
In mercy's ear the wounded sue for life,
Spent with fatigue repos'd them to a dream,
Flutt'ring with pain by starts in slumber scream ;
What if to wake and find their woes expire,
A foretaste for the regions of desire !
What if to sue for peace and prize the day,
In songs of love, where slumber dies away,
And peace to *him the claims of bravery sume,
Chain'd the manubial letter to the tomb ;
Caress'd by fortune and to wars inspir'd,
Were now but to a distant world retir'd ;

* Blucher.

A little while embrac'd in nature's bound,
And labours hard to wheel the circle round,
Life forms a desert chain'd upon the mind,
Crost where its wildered shadow aye design'd,
Ordain'd to stamp contrition on the soul,
Prepared to meet where strife no more controul.

Assemble now ye valiant and renown'd,
'Tis now where rests the fate, or victory crown'd,
Assemble now and range the waiting plains,
And fire the ardour of your blazing veins,
Let fortitude arrange each partial sigh;
Nor let exhausted courage formal die,
Ambition gives to fortitude his due;
And glory braves fresh courage on the view.

To honours birth adjusting valour claim,
'Tis valour stamps immutable to fame,
Fame courts delight 'tis honour weds renown,
Brave courage up, and wrangles for a crown,
Oft have you skird the verge where danger side,
And hardships wreck'd the chains of martial pride.

But once again we meet the thundring blast,
And stamp eternal honours on the past,
The servile feuds, we'll scán, then whet your swords,
Wrest on the foe, and glory you rewards
Heave up your keener soul and dare alarms,
Victorious yield yourselves in glory's arms,
For strength and valour, fortitude or aught,
Let Heaven bequest your aim in battle fraught ;

'Tis but from thence where rest from war distends,
Present your vows to Heaven, 'tis God defends,

Hark, Hark, strike forth the trumpet, dire alarms,
Arms! Arms! my men, my gallant men, to arms!
See prancing forth the Horse unrival'd reign'd
Impatient gives repose when music strain'd,
His sprightly race and charm'd his list'ning ear,
Wind'ring amidst the croud his cute career;
In ample strength, the glory of his ire,
Snuff up the blaze and breath'd in lurid fire,
Awakes, the powder burst, when terrors flash'd
And in the clouds of Death repulsive dash'd
Evasive balls—when from the dreadful blaze,
Outbraves the musket eyes them as they gaze.

And, 'midst the fiery blast, tremendous left,
When dangers felt the carnage dread, bereft,
Vituperable, spurn'd the fetid cloud,
The gaping bomb forced out, invidious proud,
His dire remain, impeal the thundering sound,
Evinc'd; and scatter'd seeds of death profound.
Then starting led the *rocket dirging feign'd
The world aside, nor love nor freedom stain'd,
But in the dreadful siege of death surpass,
Destruction speeds around---what more, alas !
When canon hove his direous progeny
Come thundering from the dreadful scenery,

Congreve's Rocket,

Nor atom left secure, the general wreck,
Death chews insatiate down; not horrors check
The furbish'd spear, the axe, and uneld dirk,
But gulph between they to the vitals lurk ;
Bleeding revenge, till every pyring vein
Was strangely drain'd upon the verging plain.

What next ? alas ! the hopeless veins forlorn,
'Twas horror check'd the rising bloom of morn.
Fair hope the golden rule with patience sieze
Who wrapt their souls, congenial to the breeze ;
The plaintive airs of life meander trills
In purple streams wheels flutt'ring to the rills,
Stangely indeed outwhirls the stage of day,
The winding march, the pouring life away.

Methinks I hear, congratulating, nigh,
The voice of one half mingled with a sigh,
Bathes in the crimson fount of mingled blood,
Midst heaps, alas ! wrapt in the gory flood.
Ere the last spark extinct, and nature fade,
Would some kind friend pursue relenting aid ;
Bereav'd amidst the sounds of martial grief,
Suppress'd with wounds, and bleeding for relief ;
But in the giddy swoons their visions led,
Where purple gore lay huddled for their bed,
Sighs for their music, in the daylight keep,
And o'er the mantle of the evening weep ;
Bravely they fought, flush'd in the morning rose,
Till weary nature hug'd to soft repose,

Diversely round the hov'ring blast expand,
And cropt the finest blossom of the land,
Sure pity, then with undesembled pride ;
Might claim the garb that o'er the night preside,
Compassion lends the sunshine of her heart,
And light obtain what Heaven by love impart,
What scenes presume, distinguish'd to recite
In sounds of glory, kings exchange delight.
Secretely spire the star's, meridian blaze,
And in the tomb, consign remaining days;
Puft on the wind the seeds of sorrow fall,
Fate yields increase, but envy squanders all,
Ambition flings her mists on boding spires,
And breathes a gloom while life and hope expires ;

Exulting peace, aids warring tumults by,
They bore the scourge, but held their banners high,
The secret sting of love's unblossom'd age,
The mystic sting that checks, nor aught assuage,
A friendly sigh o'erwhelming thought beguile,
Despos'd their tears, nor could invent a smile;
Whose lowly minds on future glories riv'n,
Fulfill their days, and be dismiss'd for Heaven,
For they who once the fairer graces wove,
Their lives resign'd to be transpos'd in love;
Dismiss, thy search for realms in glory due,
Nor urg'd the passing day from whence they flew,
To amity, love's golden chain suspends,
Sweet is the converse with endearing friends;

Friends, and whose chain encircles aye the sky,
And social love the charms of amity ;
But they possess'd what truth and virtue gave,
And germs beyond the margin of the grave.

But further, where the realms of virtue rove,
Veil'd in disguise, the lost control of love,
Methinks I hear a lovely virgin sigh,
Awaits to flight the transit of the sky ;
Receding hope deforms her cheerful pride
When promis'd youth from earthly love divide ;
An heavenly bloom adorn'd her lowly mien,
And tells my heart, that virtue shone serene,
Let passion give the tearless murmurs vent,
Converse with grief, or weep to languishment.

Come, sweet relief, the pangs of sorrow close;
Dissolve her tears, and vend her heart repose;
True, 'tis delight that feeds the vital stream,
In various changes of life's little dream;
Aurora speeds with roses, oft have strewn
The golden site, wide aye the mountains blewn,
Lit by the Sun, the flush to morning air,
Fades in the rays when light do disappear.
Soon love's bright flow'r might languish and descry,
Exchange her hue and droop beneath the sky;
In cheerful guise she knits the fair costume,
But scarcely seen, her beauteous rose in bloom,
Her boding sun, refracting in the show'r,
Inhales the splendour of this lovely flow'r;

And withering falls, skips on the whirling blast,
Her drooping leaves reverts their sweet repast ;
When time dissolves, this wasting earth decay,
Still rest her soul, where trouble dies away.

Ah ! lost in woe, her with'ring mein declare,
Here pleasure weave the mantle of despair,
Resolv'd to thought, expressive in desire
Dismiss her exit, dash'd the mystic fire;
The vitals loos'd, they tremble by the heart,
And hears the music, when the chain depart,
This plaintive song, unravel'd from her tongue
And in receding airs simplissive sung.

Farewell, dear youth, farewell ; ere hence I strove,
Shall I but meet thee in the sphere of love ;
My day will soon be shut, whose fading sun,
Bleeds in the shade, but shortly will be done,
Hark, them, the whispers, to my ear complain,
Bids me, in haste, haste, to a heavenly plain ;
Whence, to retreat, each pleasing call renew,
Attend my soul the glorious feat pursue,
See, glory smiles, aspiring far away,
See, concord vibrates in exulting day.
Unmingled truth no more shall vent a sigh
In that pure realm of calm serenity,
Suppress'd with love the feuds of sad relief,
Has over-sworn my heart by constant grief.

Prude to exclaim, the sacred page unrol,
The sweeter pastime of the parting soul;
Ally'd from Heaven, impressive moments dear,
Dear to my heart ye sons of love confere,
Pours from my eyes, of streams empurpled flow
The bitter tears of love congeal'd in woe.
In this frail hour, by floating anguish tost
Has swell'd my fears and true delights are lost,
In all the pleasing charms that life present,
Nor cease my heart to bleed in languishment.
Oh rest, my Soul, before my eyelids close,
In that deep sleep, the sleep, of long repose;
Would some kind muse celestial songs attest
Swell the sweet tenor to my floating breast,

A few more days, will glory lift his veil,
Sweet views present, the views of Heaven prevail
A few more days, then every grace restore,
And cross the transit to a smiling shore;
Crown'd with delight, those finer scenes pourtra:
When love shall meet, and glory strews the way

Bear on, ye little days, your narrow bounds,
But are like shadows, change to annual rounds.
Oh wars! why not thy fiery terrors cease,
And calm your hostile murmers into peace.
Methinks I view'd her pass where joys unfold,
Trim'd in the spangles of unfading gold,
Where glory carols to her festal lays,
Exulting in the smiles of happy days;

Amus'd she wanders in the sphere of love,

And claims of high pre-eminence above.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK III.

ANALYSIS ON THE THIRD BOOK.



WHAT contributes principally in the Third Book, or in expression denotes the sweets of solitude, or the beauty of a consecrated and a studious mind.---The emphasis of pleasure wrapt in the waves of death.---The pressure of a fettered mind, through impiety, tossed on the waves of oblivion, but revived by the blessed animation of light.---Warm'd in the rays of heaven.---Passing, by desire of faith, from the celestial bodies, to the regions of ineffable joy.---Love, and its effects.---Its career closed in eternity.---The flowery scenes of nature to the glory of a summer's evening.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

BOOK III.

Sweet summer, come, thy vivid charms empire,
The emblems of ambrosial smiles inspire,
Scatter the gay festoon of sweetest flowers,
That studious youths induce their sprightly hours,
Where forest laughs, his waving features cast,
Their souls delighting in the shaded past;
Comely in youthful days, and lowly be,
The gentle passion of humility.

Then stay in sweet sublime, O glory, stay,
And hold, in sounds to consecrating day,
Ethereal pry where love more sweetly be,
Link'd to the circling chains of amity ,
The æra past of mingled years a few,
Lost true delights, and sung their last adieu,
By swoons indulg'd, the change in life outbrave,
Bereaved of love and languish for the grave;
Faced to a winter blast the roses move,
Despair excites, and bids the graces rove,
But sable night fades in the morning blaze,
And winter glooms are lost in summer days,
Phœbeus himself leaps out the landscape views,
Inhaled in misty clouds the liquid dews.

Fondly caress'd by admiration rare,
Sweet coincidence renders pleasure dear,
Cheerful they ope the gates of social light,
Hail in the beauteous summer of delight,
Their breach to short liv'd hope on heaven condere,
And carols love with cherubs in the rear,
Bind heaven secure in amity conjoin,
And love that renders special bliss divine,
But envy flings his boding mists awhile,
And clouds the beauteous features of a smile.

Presenting fears obsequious omen met,
Danc'd in the ring, and introduced regret,
Extinguish'd joy, pale omen, prudely steeps,
Despairing love, while mirth and rapture weeps,

Peace and delight assumed contrition care,
To scenes like these would wander and forbear,
Time beckons hard, and must sincerely tell,
What piercing anguish on their bosoms fell;
Fair sprightly form of sweet engaging mien,
Her grace refined to elegance unseen;
Ah, loveliest she, a beauteous daughter rept,
Life's fatal string, and she for glory wept.
Ere Eve assumed her mantled lowly crest,
Ere the bright sunbeam mingles in the west;
Illustrious sire, begirt the waves uprose,
And floats in exit. Ere the twilight close,
Closely pursued, each drops unnumbered tears,
Spruce with the tide, eternity revere,

From friendly sight they for the tomb contend,
And treads the verge, a daughter and her friend.

Responsive let my song familiar trill,
What though each drooping heart lies bleeding still
To vanish bliss in the extremes of light,
Or value pleasure by its luring flight,
Oh, ranging youth, fulfil thy joys replete,
Be heavenly sounds, thy tenor, thy retreat,
Heed thy delight, fair science, spouse to wit,
The charms of virtue mingle, nor transmit.
Wake then to calm repose, thy friendly sleep,
Child of renown, what bids thy courage weep?
Is it that cheerless hopes can aye deform,
While rudely press'd, bewilder'd in the storm,

Could not thy sleepless aid give no relief,
To waves contending from the streams of grief,
Hopeless, why in the storms of midnight share,
Fate triumphs in the regions of despair,
Rifting away then to the weeping hour,
By winding storms, contending in the show'r,
But fault'ring oft, a sound in anguish braves,
Obstreperous wheels upon the lifting waves,
The morn resumes, nor yet the wreck discern'd
Lost to the slumbers where the darkness spurn'd,
Then veil thy spleen, let sad dejection mourn,
Plough the fair circle of a calm return.

Cutbrav'd the banners of the dreary breeze,
But claims a visit on sublimer seas,

Caress the ranging paths of cloudless tears,
And waste the period of his happy years,
Resolved to march where realms of light display,
Espouse the rising beauties of the day,
Full glory trims the margin of renown,
The margin that voluptuous glory crown,
The eyelids, flutt'ring, winds the azure vail,
Unravel through infinity's wide sail.

But flush'd in view, the ærial lights above,
Where all the ranging paths in glory strove,
Expression dipt her plumes in nature die,
Pourtrays the beauteous image of the sky,
Stupendous wisdom of etherial power,
We live in wonders still to wonder more,

By roses deem the flush to morning flow,
Diversely pending aye the purple bow,
The sun his features bright in morn careers,
And drops his beams upon the twilight tears,
To scenes sublime like these my heart exul'
View Sol's fair crest, reflecting beautiful,
What should in frowns beset fair nature's day,
When pleasing joy and rapture dies away?

Pale Luna swims an air of meekness preen,
Her silver locks, her placid lowly mien,
'Midst the fair spangles of empurpled light,
The checquer'd clouds obscure serener light,
Stars far remote in æther rolling high,
Like little suns address the evening sky,

Each distant world revolving in their reign,
Exchange their course, but swim their native main,
But view the golden transit glory trace,
And flow amidst the worlds of endless space,
Then draw the veil in heaven eternal be,
Transpose my weary soul to extacy.

Etherial joy-fulfil, nor shun recluse,
Oh, spend a tear, exchanging with the muse,
'Tis grace that follows each delightful part,
Oh, let my song familiar wed thy heart,
Then give to full delight her lovely due,
Subjoin a sweet contrast with glory too ;
Go, rove the cheerful paths in love's extreme,
To distant regions, matchless and supreme,

Shall traverse by the worlds of boundless show,
Shall love, and be delighted as we go,
Shall spire on waves of glory to the last,
Grace weaves a chaplet for the sweet repast,
Far lift above the clouds of dusky vale,
From æther pure the golden orbs inhale;
But far the intervals that parted there,
Behind them left a heaven superbly fair,
Lost to the purple where could purple vie,
Could none compress, the purest is the sky,
'Tis redolence with roses strew'd the scene,
When lovers weep to glory joys replete,
How beautiful would melt my joys in tears,
What transport flow, flows in my heart, my ears,

Perpetual joy, O, cleave my parting soul,
Prepared for flight, why should I hear control;
Shall we not hold sweet converse with delight,
In heaven's blest language, O serenely bright;
Tell me what more the ravish'd wish desire,
To charm the fancy and the mind inspire,

Ere heaven discloses, ere the sound begin,
Ere bliss supreme, ere joys ethereal win,
Fulfil a destined march of days, though few,
Ere hence we bid this little world adieu;
And heaven familiarized the sweet employ,
As what might render bliss eternal joy,
Or the exalted charms of love defend,
And trace affection to its utmost end.

What to the heart in fond embrace consign'd,
Exulting love, the sunshine of the mind,
Nor weeping pleasure aids a short repose,
Should love exchange delight for ruthless woes,
True in the fairest hopes of friendship dear,
Conjoin'd in social bands assemblage fair ;
Soon might a hov'ring cloud suppress the light,
And sweep the hours of pleasure from their sight,
But he ne'er loves foreboding bannat wait,
Complacent to the attitudes of fate ;
Rides on the car in freedom's guise display,
Wading the rifted seas of martial day,
Elated by parental cares and smiles,
Decides with love in breach that honour stiles,

Realming the sacred band, the social tie,

Bids each prelude of faint delusion die.

Kind be the words, expression lends a charm,

Love, in sweet influence, banquets there a calm,

Have seen her flight, where flow'rs their odours glide..

Where lilies range, and roses deem their pride,

Careering there, nor with deluding art,

But love entwines her tendrils on the heart ;

Prelusive o'er the hills of gladness pry,

Awaits to hear the blackbird sweetly sigh,

Full hopes in love to meet, sweet sentence hail,

What from the beauteous image could avail ;

Awake my heart, nor in deep slumbers roll,,

Nor check the rising embers of my soul,

'Twas weav'd by love, the chaplet and the grace,
Where roses buds, and, flush'd in love's embrace,
'Twas side where lilies blew, delightful hour,
And beauty sparkles in the vermil' shower,
Haste then, O haste, O lovely morning haste,
Nor shall I wander in the lonely waste;
But through the flowery meads shall thither rove,
And hail the candour of endearing love..

The full delighted sphere of union sure;
Alliance deems divinely and secure,
Wist love's fair streams, where murmurs carols by,
Nor flings a sable wave upon the sky,
From Vista's opening view, by nature preen,
Through purple scenes love ranged in air serene,

Embrace the cool repast where lovers meet,
Range waving shades, their calm, their tranquil seat,
Neat their repast, but sweeter pastime roll,
Inspire delights, interminate the soul,
On aught sublime, their sweeter converse drew,
Remembers Him who formed the azure blue,
Nor aided grace, to lift her neat costume,
In purple flaunt, and, dancing in the plume,
Her lover there embrac'd by fond delight,
And pure affection chain'd their raded plight,
Riv'd to the hills their wand'ring summits spread,
'Midst wildering spires, while through a forest led,
There lift their cheerful hearts in songs profound,
And sung the wonders of the landscape round,

When fading light in dusky hue compress'd,
And day retire presents a sable crest,
Retire in calms replete the breezes few,
Home print the way and brace the near adieu,
To the fair image of the mind accost,
When silent thoughts are in reflection lost.

Adieu, from love but meets embrace again,
Orient yon orb resumes his lovely reign,
What if bereaved the lovelier sphere concede,
Deem pleasure nought, and death their only pride,
Paint from the rainbow variate the show'r,
Fair Elenora, beauteous as the flower,
Expands her blossoms round, and love as free,
Her kingly Edward, and a lover he,

Nor yet congeals not where the arrow tares
How did she lavish out the poison there,
Methinks I hear, in times of pleasure say,
The parted venom suck'd it quite away,
Exalted on the breeze, sweet odours flow,
From bounds where loves impartial roses grow,
At stedfast gaze the flush now fainter grew,
Lost in the sight, and cross'd upon the view,
Successive roll the hours of sweet surprise,
A lowly mind that's where the beauty lies ;
Unclouded through the purest realms of peace,
The tranquil seasons where their joys increase ;
Arise fair morn, clasp on the chains of light,
Come, braid the fair espousals, come, delight,

Subjoin the sounding chords, in rapture sing,
Each blooming maid attune the nuptial spring,
Sweet vibrates thrill in greet, their echoes fly,
And carols sweeter sounds along the sky.

Careers on Hymen's full aspiring rays,
And measure glory by serener days,
But unity pourtrays the azure dawn,
And bliss unrivalled smiles without a scorn,
Delighted more the lovelier change impart,
The plumes of sunshine drops upon the heart,
Affection holds with love the nuptial tie,
What glory terms the chords of unity ;
The vivid charms of love's conspicuous sight,
O'erblown the genial seasons of delight.

What from the buds they bloom to that excess,
The Petals flown, and scatter'd their distress,
Or blight the flowers that open in the glade,
Their beauties varnish'd in the twilight shade,
And tell them more, that life is nearly run,
From sickly winds, contending with the sun,
To liberate the heart in tears give room,
When pleasures dwindle in obscurer gloom,
Nor long here hence, ye sons of liberty,
Are call'd to face the spheres of war's decree;
Scarce could he think to meet his exit there,
A child of fate, a victim of despair,
Words bleeding from his mind by pressure taught,
Near vanish'd in the exercise of thought.

A march to battle opes the martial gates,
Wrapt into flames intestine murmur waits,
A tempest sweeps the rivage of the shade,
Where sword and halbard form the serenade,
Pride's natal buds unfurl voluptuous plume,
The frays of war, why this dear heart presume ;
For seats of fame the martial sons impreen,
Their ameld swords preluent aye the scene.

Oh, fairest youth, where is thy poignant sting?
Where is the chain that bound thy nuptial spring?
Where then thy sprightly form, thy blooming grace,
The cheerful smiles that once adorned thy face?
What overblown are all the roses shed,
Are joys dispers'd and sprightly actions fled,

As rigid Boreas, dashed the venal fires,
The sweetest pastime of thy life expires;
O come the teen, relenting story, free,
'Tis but to meet the tears of sympathy.

Deep in the breach of war's contending flame,
The cute research of elemental fame,
When scatt'ring o'er my heart, the crimson dew
That lightly veils the purple and the blue,
Waged on the plain, the fire of battle strides,
In exit move, and power and life divides,
The streams of life congeal'd in verdant plains,
My native sheen are garnish'd from my veins;
I feel recede the sparks I once possess'd,
Like noonday shadows skip along the west;

Now fades my last ambrosials ending few,

Come near, my love, and weep the last adieu.

Who then refrain to weep their tears engross,

Lost to her bliss, she swoon'd beneath the cross,

Who then contends, the path compassion tread,

And catch the tears relenting pity shed,

What is so dear, what dearer to the soul,

Then filial love, when piety control ?

Delights the hallow'd ground where glory lies,

That skirts the glorious paths of Paradise,

Sides with the overtures of glory there,

And spends her happy days in love's career,

Unheeded time the flowers of youth devour,

In sprightly bloom, but fate resign'd an hour.

Hour, when the chain; that bound so closely, full,
Each moment droops upon the last farewell ;
Safe o'er the stormy waves of Jordan sail'd
Weeps on the last diverge, but glory hail'd;
Forbid thy tears, nor let thy mind o'erwhelm,
You'll shortly meet him in a happier realm ;
'Tis but the journey on remoter day,
Transcend the margin of the vesper ray ;
Experience could but share the flutt'ring sigh,
Express to her desires in languid eye,
While practice, lost in suff'ring, lean'd aside,
And veil'd her tears promiscuous with the tide ;
Why 'truding murmurs palpitate the breast,
Why sighs should wound her slumbers when at rest ?

But ere the twilight sings of morning new,
Or form to sentiments her heart construe,
But language rending from the bounds of teen,
Are thrown by intervals and tears between.

Unhappy day, how have I chosen thee,
How did my heart pursue temerity ;
As darkness fenc'd the bounds of nature round,
That mortal eye cannot discern the bound,
Why not pursue the shadows long before ?
Or why that cheerful hope should breathe no more ;
How soon he wander'd in the shades of flight,
And left me waved in banners of the night.
Where shall I pose, and whither shall I rove,
And sing the glories of supernal love ;

Where are the roses once caress'd his cheeks ?
Where are they fled, the voice of nature speaks,
Still shall they rise, though distant from the tomb,
Shall timely flush to more than mortal bloom,
Gazing around, beheld the blossoms fall,
Promiscuous wheels upon the breezy call,
Robed lowly in the vale, bewilder'd swells,
In clusters hung the lilies drooping bells ;
Near autumn bow'rs a golden mantle weaves,
The noontide zephyrs sweep the scatt'ring leaves ;
Impress'd awhile my drooping heart o'erflow,
Why should the evening breeze forbid to blow ?
Expiring joys their wild'ring songs impart,
Congeals the veins of pleasure in my heart,

The traveller comes, inbraids the welcome morn,

Retiring, lays aside his twitt'ring horn,

Why glory weep, and fond experience cease?

Why then should love, why ravel out my peace?

Why did the chain, that bound so closely, fall?

Why hush'd the echo on departing call?

But flutt'ring on my heart, in exile sigh,

To be repos'd in love, 'tis vanity.

Had exit on my infant days compress'd,

Transpos'd my soul, then had I been at rest;

Nor long before the heavenly gates unfold,

Shall watch my shade, but they shall not behold.

Unfathomless, beyond what aught can veer,

Save they in image of their maker's sphere,

Or rival in the vast expanse of heaven,
Or to the dreadful bars of Hades be riven,
E'en when parch'd up in death, the vivid air,
That carries life upon its native sphere ;
When clouds shall melt in tears, diffusive o'er,
Shall rest for nought, and every hope deplore.
When twice five thousand years are number'd in,
Thrice told again, when scarce thy reign begin ;
Wanders the vast abyss where heaven displays,
Dooms thee to rove, and never end thy days,
Beyond the light of heaven's eternal blue,
Beyond the huge extermis of earths construe,
Beyond, ere aught I know, Time's vast reply,
Range the wide circle of Infinity,

But fleet the circle, fleet the grand disperse,
Eternity's wide bannat preen the verge ;
E'en from the weary age in times descent,
E'en earth shall fall beneath the battlement,
Yon glorious sun, in azure wrapt, the moon,
Fading or fade, can find no rest alloon,
For every vein to earth they disappear,
The hugest stars, and tremble into air,
Immortal spark, where is thy glorious frame,
Thy sacred rest, thy unextinguish'd flame?
Shall still thy features, bloom at Heaven's reply,
And praise, but rival through eternity.

Who mounts the car in age, where distance whelms,
Career, a march to far Columbian realms,

Why should they wander through life's rosy day,
In wasting hours, and dwindle time away,
Why then should this congenial circle prove,
A siege to glory and a smile to love,
But honour deems celerity and pride,
A march to conflict, and a peace decide,
Of far, Morocco, nor in arms withstand,
But Cortez braved the conquest of the land,
From conflict to the 'vantage of release,
And pen the annals of discumbent peace ;
Let grandeur light neat Philadelphia's fanes,
Where still the name of famous Penn remains,
Within the chains of Wyoming pursue,
And glorious Albert hail'd his friends adieu ;

A pity then from relatives compare,

The parting 'dieu that wrestles with a tear.

Full in the circle of sweet confluence greet,

Let glory gem Peruvia's fair retreat,

And glitter round the world's stupendous sway,

Exalt the wandering ocean far away,

In ample times Baldivia led the van,

Where Chili's fairest bounds of freedom ran ;

Could sympathy deprive their tranquil race,

Or check the fairest buds in every place ;

Fair Chili's sons, nor wreck'd upon the tomb,

Urg'd on the war, and swept their timely doom,

To save their native realm in vengeance pour'd

Till every foe were rallied on the sword.

Their floating sweets on Chili's hills exhale,
Imperial fruits embrace the flowery dale,
Of blossoms gay, the rays of beauty fling,
Ambrosial sweetness on the golden spring ;
Diffusing clans of herds supinely main,
In playsome frolic, frisk and dance the plain,
But snuffs the sportive rivulets ateam,
For nature painted their incumbent theme,
The fervid splendour of Sol's matchless ray,
Meets Andes' snows dissolving far away.

But coast from hence in calms a purer sky,
Like morning darts upon serenity,
And wander seas near India's orient zone,
There meet the sun and smile with Him alone,

Salutes the east, then mounts his plumes on high,
Illumes, and gives a glory to the sky,
Who, most delighted, swung the azure chain,
When evening drops into the western main,
At silent gaze I feel my heart remove,
I feel my passions mingle into love,
I feel my eyelids flutter in the skies,
I feel the tears revolving in my eyes,
But sing th' unrival'd grandeur of his sway,
And close the annals of the smiling day.

The lovely seasons range disportive through,
What aids delightful in the grand review,
Where might the weary traveller rest his eyes,
Inceptive beauties brandish'd on surprise,

Who flirts the plume, and chaunts the varied year,
Who breathe sweet murmurs on the milder air,
Who claims a visit ærial to the sky,
Unmingled pour sweet strains to harmony,
Bound in the circling chains, by nature riven,
Presents their little offerings up to heaven,
Presents the first, the last they give away,
Till rolling slumber overwhelms the day ;
O paint the rural graces, love's repast,
The vivid season breathes a sweet contrast.

O then, my soul, my willing soul prepare,
Who dreams of glory exquisitely fair,
Ethereal nature gives a vernal flow,
Reserv'd a grace on all delights below.

Short are delights, impress'd my thoughts awhile,
Pure light beam'd forth, 'twas nature 'sum'd a smile,
Then climb the verge, on eminence excite,
The vast presumes of fancy and of flight.

Aspire, my weary soul, empyreal spire,
Subdue thy pastime in replete desire,
Yonder where skirts those waving clouds unfold.
'Midst azure pure interminable gold.
More lovely still the centre of delight,
Heaven's blest recess, nor danger heeds affright,
Outbeaming forth from life's unmingled ray,
What heeds thee more, my soul, then haste away;
Fix'd on the sacred wings, where rapture stroll,
Sure bliss like this might tranquilize control,

Sure they, the social forms of tranquil life,
Would seem to quench the fire in ev'ry strife,
In grandeur ride the gentle rays of peace,
Ethereal bound and meet with sweet release.

Then lead me over bounds where, far away,
In joy, retreating through love's pleasing day,
Invest my heart, what more could bliss convene,
Admiring nature charms the beauteous scene ;
O matchless power, congenial in the plume,
Hail, glorious sun, distinguish'd light presume,
Wrapt in the essence of enamel'd spring,
Sweet harbingers that form the ærial ring,
Delightful scenes, that through Ariadia stray,
And range enamel'd hills where beauty play,

Retiring to Elisian prospects fair,
Belov'd Hesperia breath'd in golden air,
Bloom'd on the margin of the flowery dale,
Such as the sparks of beauty could avail,
Tirza framed majestic smiles inspire,
Promiscuous blew and languish'd in desire ;
But innocence embrac'd their short-lived day,
When Satan lur'd endearing joys away,
Fair Eden once to blooming loves compeer,
Who flung their sweets, ambrosial on the air,
Illusive to the strains of sacred joy,
Affloats in full sublimes to harmony.

Save Elenora, perhaps in love's compart,
Might chain the blossoms to her heart ;

Methinks I hear the sound of glory chime,
Haste through the circle of enamel'd time,
Oh, triumph where the stars in twilight burn,
Hail to the western site on eve's return.

Bathe raptur'd scenes, the charming hours ingreet,
Conduct me to the place of sweet retreat,
Prepare my soul, range them, delightful calms,
And stay where beauty blooms, and glory charms,
Trace that fair star in glorious Bethelm led,
But still a brighter star of Bethelm bled ;
But from the clouds of love, transposed to light,
Now gems the sacred realm of pure delight,
The beaming glory of a lovely star,
But spheres above the light of angels far.

Glory to him who framed delights on high,
Unfading strew'd the violets of the sky,
Imprest my heart, rebounding with surprise,
Where spotless beauty languish'd in my eyes.
Behold the rose that flash'd along the blue,
And travel'd where the sweets of friendship blew,
Smiles in a blush the sun with glory meet,
Then shall the lily range thy lov'd retreat,
To eloquence the flower of passion give,
The cute attractions of the sensitive,
When fam'd Tiara sum'd her golden phrase,
What grac'd a prince, imperial glory blaze.
A princely crown in costly gems prelume,
And shone the crescence of a golden plume,

Condere the ameld chintz in Iris flow,
What splendid hues divest the showery bow,
Infades the fleeting circle, though sublime,
Where beauty languish in the hour of prime;
The golden rod its waving foliage calm'd,
Narcissus to his royal grace was charm'd,
Flush'd redolent from spikenard bathed in sweets,
Bestrews the path where love and glory meets,
Should love lie bleeding, bleeding in the dew,
Might bleed the last, and stain the glorious view;
But aim'd alert, presents a formal globe,
Inlaid a shining purple silver'd robe,
Who grace the princely gems fair Dalia found,
Queen Margaret calls her princely daughter round,

Who bids the waves of redolence expand,
They borrow sweets from Eden's odorous land,
Lest grandeur fair should on the fancy ply,
And paint the charming features of the sky.

How beautiful, what hov'ring wonders prize,
Transcends where yonder western paradise,
Eve's lovelier blush, her blush to beauty wove,
Like roses blooming in the charms of love,
Can she relent from nature's pure redress,
Reverts her homage to my heart's express ;
Express that lulls the features of embrace,
And charms her life unto sublimer grace ;
Intrude between a cloud, divides a ray,
Where shades appear, and light obscures the day ;

Who raids the purple to an air of joy,
That gems the orient circle of the sky,
Careering in the splendour of his ray,
And sings the history of the golden day ;
Protrudes a flight, and fete the western chace,
Skirts that bright zone, its golden orbit trace,
Aye forests near the glimmering there behold,
Tipping their waving heads in spires of gold,
Where glory carols on the western breeze,
And drops a smile upon Columbian seas ;
To evening pride his fracting orb revest,
The varied influence of light caress'd,
Aspiring charm the bosom of my views,
Unfurls a glorious plume of amel'd hues,

Expanding by the dusky tribes' renew,
Their divers preen, admiring as they view ;
Save where refraction lights the crimson flush,
Assumed the virent hills, a radiant blush,
A blush with splendour nurst in twilight calms,
Sweet calms, and twilight, nurst in splendour's arms,
Aspire in love and glory crown the day,
Ye radiant gems delight the heavenly way ;
But center'd in the blue where clouds divide,
Near the meredian, claims the western bride ;
Bright Venus reigns, queen of the twilight, crown'd,
Calls Eve to roll her sable waves around,
Flash'd from the bosom of the streaming red,
Light swoon'd away, and, whilst retiring, bled ;

The veering image of the fading green,
Lights to a purple evenings glade serene,
Breathes æther pure, pale Luna lifts her reign,
Verging the surface of the orient main,
Huge Vista opens from the violet crest,
Unfading to the purest amethyst,
Across the stream young Meteor, strolling, flew,
Skirt the bright margin of the venal blue,
In speeded flight outshoots a streaming tear,
Nor sooner shed than languish into air,
Nor pass delight, the grand intrigues, to wit,
Nor spend devoid a mind so early hit,
Nor scare the sweet delights in virtue bent,
Nor fairer gems that grace the firmament.

Then stamp the glowing embers on my mind,
O, surely, 'tis the grace to humankind,
Safe through the wild'ring desert of despair,
Or through the wild extermis of endless care,
A friend that braids a wreath in love combin'd,
A friend that crowns the union, be resign'd ;
Congenial blaze in more exalted light,
And calls exertions of recluse delight,
So end the happy moments of our stay,
And hail the sweet repast of endless day.

Finis.

AN ELEGY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.



AN ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1822.



WHEN life bathes in the waves of setting day,

When time pursues the wildings of alarm,

Swoons cross the sight, and roll the world away,

Chac'd on the winding circle to a calm.

What lures the heart on love's more sweeter flower,

What fades the roses on fair beauty's flow,

What views the sun, nor heedless in the shower,

Darts from the clouds and paints the amel'd bow.

In rising bloom the spring might slowly move,
But smiles upon the summer for retreat,
From gay retire, though golden autumn rove,
And vanish hence, where dreary winter meet.

Oh, stripling dear, that prattling murmurs tease,
They're heard no more, the plaintive tale relate,
But save the blackbird, whistling on the breeze,
Fond echo to her partner, loving mate.

From some keen wound the bursting heartstrings bleed,
Each offspring passion die within the breast,
Yet long to meet their relatives decreed,
In that blest land where joys reviv'd posses'd.

And wand'ring midst the tombs on midnight hour,
The moonlight halo, circling in the gloom,
What awe profound, or emblem of its power,
Encircles fear and represents their doom.

Some in the bloom might catch the reeking wound,
And bear remembrance on the parting bed,
Still linger, yet, ere every virtue crown'd,
And friendly tears for sympathy be shed.

From life's short summer speeds in haste away,
And bids each parting relative adieu,
But sheds a tear, then earnest tribute pay,
And takes a flight beyond the sphere of view.

Hard envy wan, or tumults wilder maze,

Should from the parting breast be heav'd afar,

Yet some slight stain might on the memory craze,

And veil the glory of its setting star.

To bear thine eyelids down, Oh, gentle sleep,

Then nurst the ranging senses to a dream,

To wake, but from the tears in slumber weep,

And trace their murmurs to the waving stream.

This frail memoir, or restitution, move,

Those scatter'd fragments into life again,

From hence the tomb, or pyramid, will prove,

And the dark slumbers of the wand'ring main.

But on the purling summit of a wave,

Where heav'd in monstrous heads, and swelling o'er
Some giant cliff, for ages might outbrave,

And meet oppos'd, and sink to rise no more.

Save when the verging summer closing day,

By echo shrill, each from his slumber break,
Back to his realm, and claim the nortal ray,

In fetters hung, on charms of glory wake.

To thee, sweet liberty, and be resign'd,

Whose paths of love ambrosial glory fan'd,
Through crimson waves have waded, unconfin'd,
And hung the veil of freedom o'er the land.

The sneers of Pride, the scourge of tortur'd pain,
Of scepter'd dignity, or fame renown,
But cite the annals of a short lived reign,
Or empty fashion of the fading crown.

The luring arms of glory call'd away,
Victorious Edward in the hour of prime,
But call'd to search for more distinguish'd day,
Where glorious Henry chac'd his life sublime.

The circling bow of grandeur, radiant sheen,
Delights afresh the beauties of the mind,
The golden flag of freedom brighter scene,
Unfurls amidst the waves that love refin'd.

From pleasure mingled fleets, each moving aim,
That cross the shaded plains of pity there,
Trac'd on the precincts of a boundless flame,
When crost in love, and languish in despair.

Simplicity, adorned by love serene,
Each bosom wreathed with more than rubies fair,
But scorn embitter'd scans each brighter scene,
And sounds of pleasure languish on the ear.

When thoughts controul, suspending far away,
And calls their wand'ring spirits back to sight,
O chace the prime, or riper years delay,
And rue the day that aye they saw the light.

Some vestal fair by nature finely draws,
A brief memorial of her fleeting life,
For thee, sweet nymph, I'd vindicate thy cause,
When rapture dwindles to dejected strife.

'Twas early by the lowland vale was seen,
When wrapt in comely smiles and lovely fair,
And dancing o'er the wayside meadows green,
But chain'd her roses from the cuter air.

Skipt near the side where opens in the bloom,
Presents a smiling youth whose charms inwove,
To braid the chain the southern winds presume,
And blew their gentle passions into love.

Congenial hope they cherish'd from the sky,

When both embrac'd in love and crown'd desire,

Like pleasure wafted on the wings of joy,

And bliss attun'd the sweet Pierian lyre.

Oft in the cool of day was seen to walk,

The trammels of each fond embrace unite,

Across the lawn they sweetly join'd in talk,

And pass'd each moment in supreme delight.

But soon fond amity became restrain'd,

Arrang'd each genial passion to a sigh,

Fair hope beguil'd, the dawning features frain'd,

And flash'd her wildring eyes upon the sky.

Could love engage affection with more power,

Could reign vicinal on the pictured mind,

Such sparks possess to cheer the parting hour,

When to the couch of death he thus resign'd.

Like pining anguish bleeding on the soul,

Soft numbers flow by grief's o'erwhelming tear,

By art, nor fervid reasoning could control,

But makes her refuge wild'ring on despair.

How oft have seen her skip the woods along,

Unequal steps their tenor brading slow,

In times, and oft repeat the lovelier song,

With flutt'ring accents, only tun'd by woe.

Of wind'ring clue, attun'd her setting flight,

A ranging world detain'd her chief repast,

And wanders on from morning, noon, till night,

Like one emerg'd, alarm or frenzy cast.

Through the dark shadows of the evening stray'd,

But drew their curtains o'er the smiles of day,

Where deserts range was her delighted shade,

But flung the lovelier themes of life away.

We mist her there, when anxious fears beset,

And sought, but vain, we search'd, the forest glade

Was strolling where the dewside meadows fret.

When some kind friend would lend a generous aid.

At last we came, her every hope expire,
We see her stretch'd upon the lowly bed,
Ah, lifeless lie, embrac'd her cold desire,
Assum'd the mansion of the silent dead.

In awful pomp array'd wheels slowly by,
Come dirging from the hearse in like farewell,
Who but concern'd to bear her merits nigh,
And read the letter near the passing cell.

THE EPITAPH.

With pity look beneath this hallow'd shrine,

From wilder shades where scatt'ring flowers are blown,

But sumes the with'ring blossoms of decline,

If from the scythe of time was newly mown.

Where death has nurst a blooming youth to sleep,

And fondled where his cold embrace presume,

How soon his fair pursued, here virtue weep,

How soon she follow'd to the dreary tomb.

Love changed in turn from happiness to grief,

When youthful vigour ceas'd to bloom delight,

Where did they seal the bond of sure relief,

But where full glory brightens into light.

When touched the zenith of their short career,

Was death denounc'd, he struck the plaintive strain,

They're hush'd away, away from earth they steer,

A little distance interven'd their reign.

Chaste was desire, by virtue, to excite,

Prone to their God, while love, unmingled, rise,

When bitter grief lay weeping on their sight,

When death unlink'd the chain that round them ties.

ODE TO

HAPPINESS.

Come, delighted of my heart,

Thy enchanting smile impart,

Come, thou object of renown,

In the glory of thy crown.

Only reign in cheerful time,

Where the moments speak sublime,

I this little world possess'd;

Honour to the blazing crest,

Would leave for thee, Oh, lovely fair,

Luring wealth or golden air,

Aught but pleasure could I see,
Once I was bereft of thee,
What can cherish, what delight,
In the absence of thy flight ?
Who can grasp a summer's smile,
In the anguish of recoil ;
But the glooms of winter prove,
Most congenial in their love,
And the halo of the moon,
Sickens in the twilight noon,
But the spring in light return,
Where the stars of glory burn,
Pleasure's blandishments and joy,
Sweetens into liberty.

Let me take an ærial flight,
In the arms of sweet delight,
Let me sing the hours anew,
Where the clouds are lost in blue,
Let my fair one be resign'd,
Love be pictured on thy mind,
'Tis delight that wedded thee,
In the bands of amity,
Sweeter sounds of music rise
In the courts of Paradise,
Wedded in ethereal prime,
Where the bells of glory chime,
Oh, to meet where heaven dispense,
Glories of Omnipotence.

LINES

*Written in commemoration of the Martyr-
dom of King Charles the First.*

When grandeur flings her mantle o'er the great,

When kingly pride is menaced by debate,

When fortune holds her commerce on the air,

And pleasure courts alliance with despair,

When base disquietude assum'd her reign,

When glory lent the reigns to wan disdain,

When discord bids adieu to future lays,

And trouble burst the ties of happy days,

The sad arrears of long dissembled strife,

Despair'd of bliss, nor brighten into life.

When equity, the laurel of the land,
Whither and die, untimely, in the hand,
Conquest alert to wide ambition's power,
Disdain'd and trampled the sublimer hour,
Flash'd into fire, and lightens from afar,
Where dirging arms beat in the dire of war,
Urg'd on they fight, they conquer, or they die,
The conflict won, ambition's cause supply,
Lost to a king 'midst clouds of strife undone,
Held up a sceptre to the rising sun,
See nature from life's crimson fountain spilt,
Nor Cromwell wipe the stains of burnish'd guilt,
With scorn beheld the distant nations far,
A monarch doom'd before the martial bar,

Oh, justice fled, a victim to their care,
When love degenerates into flaming air,
Responsive call their fierce desires invade,
To ponder strife each filial power upbraid,
Dissension shoots the arrow of disguise,
His once kind friends prov'd foes before his eyes,
Slander and scandal floats in his distress,
Disdain'd, reviled, or ribald in express,
Let sorrow hold her moan, let reason sigh,
Oblige their dictates in more cordial tie,
Led from a sad tribune, a king, a sire,
While justice mourn'd and wept upon the bier ;
Rack'd on the fiery dirge of dire resent,
Witness'd a doom, and worse than languishment,

Doom'd for the shade, he takes a long repose,
Weens the soft slumbers where the daylight close,
Gay titles, plumes, innate voluptuous raise,
But are the perquisites of happy days,
Where fortune changes from its finest bloom,
And bleeding tears but drops on freedom's tomb,
Of sweet redress suffus'd, his suff'ring mind,
His filial heart to sympathy consign'd,
The sad delusion, who could feel to know,
Lost to the language of untutor'd woe,
Repeated words where oft by murmurs broke,
Around the gushing spring in sorrow woke.

Now to contend, but in the bands of woe,

My offspring, dears, for you my tears shall flow,

My sun is gently floating on the deep,
To vent my tears o'er you, my dears, I'll weep,
Oft have I call'd the nightly hours aside,
On your behalf, and stretch'd the moments wide,
And still for you, before my exit close,
That heaven for sireless babes would interpose,
Soon will this world grow dim before my sight,
All nature darkens on the verge of night,
'Tis but a visit, ere I see you hence,
Where comely joys admiring fruit 'compence,
A blight has my disast'rous summer flown,
Ere fate's untimely flowers be fully blown,
Sincerely hold each fond delight by love,
Till thy more dawning years by age improve.

Oh, elder born, my daughter, thine engage,
Let not ambition teach thy modest age,
Each finer part in wisdom's path construe,
Oh tell me then, ere bid your sire adieu ;
Or when your sire, let this be your costume,
Oh, when your sire lies with'ring in the tomb,
Recumbent on your much devoted care,
Oh, yield obedience to my lovely fair.
How thick upon the wind the shadows fly,
Should I repine, or heave one anxious sigh,
Yet still my heart, my mind, my thoughts control,
The filial motion of the parting soul,
But ah, alas, the softer themes depart,
Wounds me to loose the tendrils of my heart,

What then console, what can my thoughts relieve ?

To preen my heart, death's dreary mantle weave,

By nimble steps, oh, to thy parent go,

Express my anguish in the voice of woe,

In gentle airs, all plaintive, tunc the reed,

Before the azure of departing bleed ;

Go, lovely daughter, fondly to express,

Go, mitigate, my fair one, her distress,

Go, tell her in the midst of martial frays,

A king will shortly end his troubled days,

Nor ever in the course of nature dear,

Nor ever roll'd away his native sphere,

Affection strew the wayborn paths I strove,

And life repos'd my passions into love.

O kindly interpose, etherial power,
Blessings on sireless babes supremely show'r,
Before the veil of life be drawn away,
Or can I languish till another day.

I go, I go, ah, thither shall I go,
Where joys ineffable in glory flow.
A smiling world that blooms a pure delight,
Where God, where angels reign supremely bright,
I see before me burst each softer tie,
I see before me flash the clouds of joy ;
Soon, and how soon shall meet the sable dirge,
Then clasp my soul on heaven's eternal verge,
This fleeting diadem, in full exchange,
I now resign, in heaven my views arrange,

The crown celestial wear, Oh, glorious crown,

And hold without the tremor of a frown ;

A little while then scale, the verge of life,

And brave the summit of terestial strife,

A little while this shatt'ring stage decay,

And scarce a remnant of the same delay.

A world escap'd, ah, whither is he gone,

Were but to chain the rays of glory on,

His soul dismiss, but hurried in the flight,

Hend through the clouds, and hush the glooms of night.

But where an earthly crown no more disclose,

Fatigue by slumbers never seek repose ;

In heaven a crown, and heaven a sceptre wield,

And 'tis a saviour intervenes, a shield.

So rest his happy days, in glory free,
Blest through the ages of eternity.



THE RAINBOW.

Lovely then from views admiring,
Trace the bounds where beauty run,
Plumes of glorious light transpiring
To the glory of the sun.

Lucid flash in air more lighter,
Vivid freaks of grandeur wore,
Opens in the circle brighter,
Fashions beauty into love.

'Midst the ærial fountain keeping,

Lovely in the youth awhile,

With the shield of nature weeping,

In the sunshine of a smile.

But the winter buds delighted,

Blossoms in the vernal spring,

Still we reap while increase flighted,

Wafted on her golden wing.

'Amel'd light of circled splendour,

Drooping in the sable sphere,

Where its charming tints surrender,

Beauty vanish'd from the fair.

From a virgin languish slowly,

Fade and vanish in the flower,

But her last request was lowly,

To be present in the shower.

Round the sun where clouds invaded,

From the rose that flush'd between,

In the arms of nature faded,

Orange, yellow, and the green.

Fades them beauteous tints arranging,

Wanes a flush where beauty lie,

And the blue that were exchanging,

For the violet of the sky.

Pleasure waves in air, serener,

Walks upon the daylight fair,

Fled from hence where breezes, keener,

Smiles from heaven diffusing there.

Radiance in the flash suspending,

Shuns the period of a day,

But the storms that were contending,

With the clouds are blown away.

THE END.







